

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins

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Reflections of a BACHELOR GIRL

By Helen Rowland

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NOWADAYS, most men regard marriage merely as an annoying little interruption in the regular regime of life.

Economy in a man, like common-sense in a woman, is not a virtue, but an affliction.

There are just three perfect things in all the world: a boy's first cigar, a woman's first baby, and a lover's first kiss.

Most women imagine that "holding" a husband means tying him to the dining table and holding him with a darning thread.

Every man's idea of a perfect woman is one who is cold, proud and impenetrable to others, but who will come when he whistles, get down on her knees when he frowns and eat crumbs out of his hand with gratitude.

Many a husband who could cheerfully subsist on a steady diet of hash has been nauseated by a steady diet of sentimentality.

No woman can be sure that she is in love until she has positively decided that to sit at home and watch some particular man read the newspaper would be more exciting than going to a roof-garden.

Summer love and winter love are about as much alike as ginger ale and champagne.

When a man takes time and energy to make love to a woman, nowadays, she ought to pay him at space rates out of pure gratitude.

Alas, it takes only one generation to break a gentleman!

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Attentions That Mean Nothing.

MY dear girls, do not mistake the casual attentions of young men for an actual declaration of love. Wait until a man tells you he loves you and asks you to become his wife before you commence to plan your trousseau.

Far too many of the girls who write to me for advice seem to think they are practically engaged to a man because he has happened to bring them either candy or flowers when he called, or has asked them to the theatre a couple of times.

Take, for example, a letter I received this morning. A girl writes me:

"I have known a young man for about six months and he appears to be greatly interested in me. When he calls he frequently brings me flowers. Do you, or do you not, think he loves me?"

Now, my dear, attentions such as these mean nothing in the world except that a man admires you. In fact, any man may be paying half a dozen girls just as much attention as that, at once.

If you wish to know if a man really loves you, you may be sure of it when he proposes.

She Talks of Other Men.

A MAN who signs his letter "T. G. A." writes:

"I am in love with a girl and she seems to like me, but when she is with me she is always talking of other men. What do you think of this?"

I think the young lady is somewhat discourteous, but she may have a mistaken idea that she is impressing you with her popularity.

No Word of Marriage.

A GIRL who signs her letter "M. G." writes:

"A young man has called on me steadily for over five years, but during all that time he has never mentioned marriage to me. What shall I do?"

Do not think of the young man as in love with you unless he asks you to be his wife, and do not hesitate to accept the attentions of other men as long as no engagement exists between you and him.

The Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobbie

HIS KERN says a pessimist is a man that understands himself thoroughly and thinks that all people are alike.

PROF. PINNED has asked all the school children to show a vaccination scar or a doctor's excuse for being alive.

GEORGE FORK has one pleasant way about him. Whenever you say

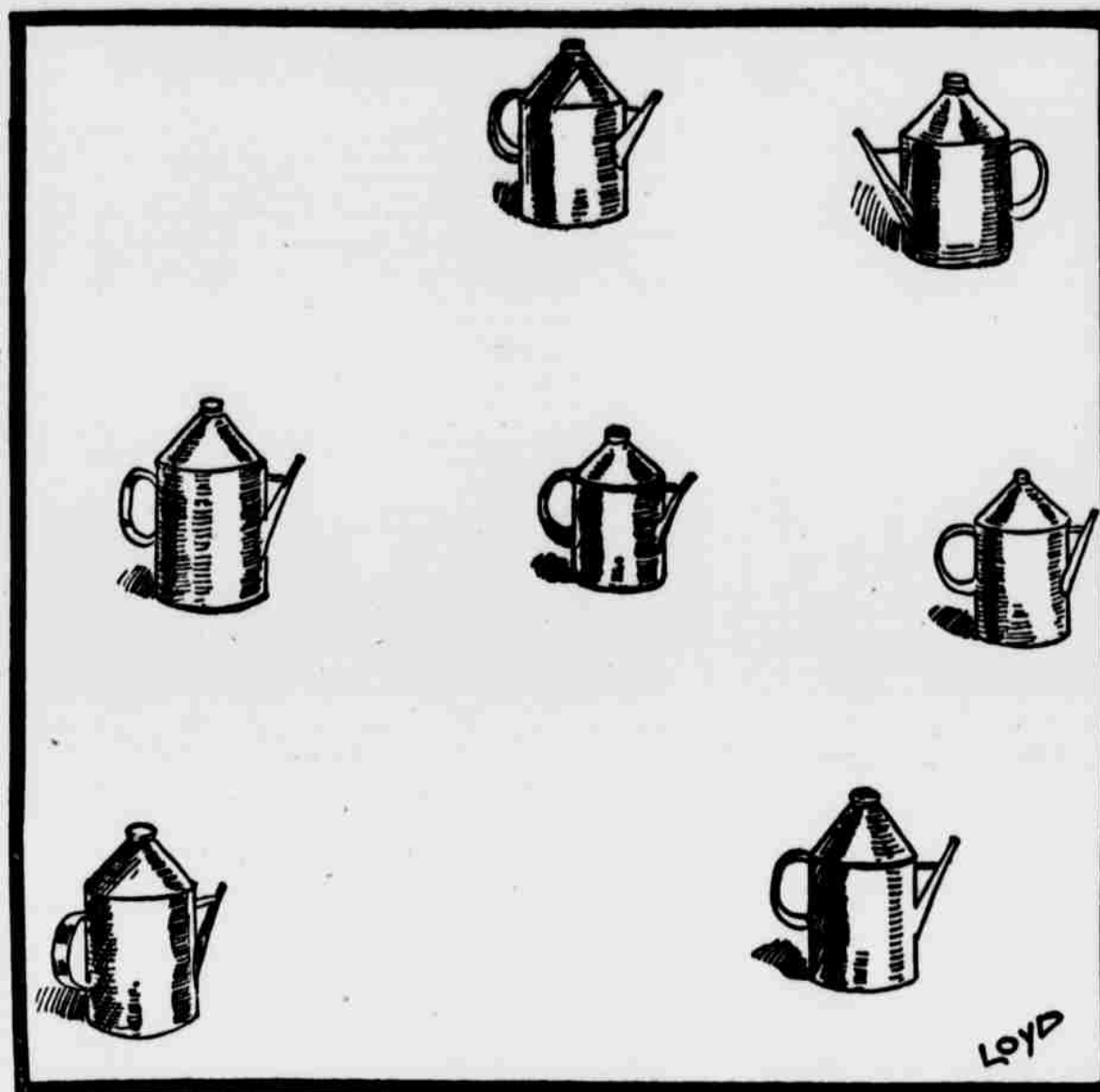
something to the discredit of any one he agrees with you.

HETTY TELLINGS says there is honor even among gossipers: when they find each other's secrets they don't keep 'em.

LAWYER RASP was held up last night and was about to lose all his money, but they let him go through professional courtesy.

The Oil Trust Puzzle

By Sam Loyd.



CAN you show Uncle Sam how to solve his Oil Trust Problem with three straight strokes of the pen which will divide the oil field into seven separate sections each containing one of the cans?

It is a simple problem, if you go at it the right way. All it requires is a bit of thought and common sense.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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WE'VE Seen a Lot of Hay Made (after Being Tossed) by Coming Down a Straddle of the Bull's Back!

Nobody ever Progressed without being Panned!

When Dr. Destiny tells us we need Altitude we Don't Have to Climb a Tree!

Laughter is the Top-Notch Face Scream!

Sometimes "Taking it Easy" is Equivalent to Quitting!

Our Idea of Nothing to Beat is the Fellow who Brags that he Begins where we Leave Off!

It's a Good Deal Easier to Grow Callouses on the Conscience than it is to Eradicate 'Em!

When you Feel Down, Doll Up!

Whisper to Our Newark Friend who Writes us Anonymous Knocks: We Ourself Often Wonder how we Get By!

Whom the Gods Love Rye Shun!

New Society Fad.

GOOD shopping is the hobby of a young Boston society girl, Isabel P. Curtis, who prefers making the chips fly in the woods to attending the fashionable entertainments of the Back Bay. She is a guest of Charles H. Willis of Stockbridge, Mass., and has passed her time there wielding an axe or walking between the village and Lenox, which is twelve miles away. Miss Curtis has been so active in her favorite pastime she had to buy a new axe the other day, and told the storekeeper she can fell a tree almost as quickly as a lumberjack. She also has sawed several cords of hardwood to the delight of her home who confesses he doesn't enjoy exercise at the woodpile.

Every Time we've Tried that "Letting Well Enough Alone" Thing we've been Turned the Wrong Way of the Track when the Flag Fell!

Dutch Courage, alias Boozie Bravado, always Orders a Lot More "Roundups" than he can GO!

We Believe in all of our Little Flarmoes, but Somehow we've become Habituated to Watching the Cuts!

Better to be an In-and-Outer than Never to Win at All!

Once we saw a Matador Win the Toss

Legends of Old New York

By Alice Phebe Eldridge.

POKEPSIE: SAFE HARBOR.

HOW many know the meaning of the name Pokepsie, or the love story that gave the name its meaning? It comes from the Mohican word "Ap-kee-sink" (safe harbor), and it proved to two Indian lovers a harbor of refuge in time of need and danger.

To that spot came a band of Delaware Indians with many a Pequot captive.

To one of the captives, a young chief of great bravery and fame, they offered life and leadership in their tribe if he would renounce his people and have the mark of the turtle tattooed upon his breast, so becoming a Delaware. Upon his scornful refusal he was bound to a tree to undergo the torture.

But a young girl of the Pequot tribe sprang forward, interceding for his life. They had been betrothed strangely enough, she bore upon her chest the emblem of the Delaware turtle, so the tribe stopped their needless work to take counsel.

Suddenly the blood-curdling war-whoop of a band of Hurons fell upon their ears. In the mad confusion of the fight, the Indian maiden was able to cut the cords that bound her lover, only to fall captive herself to the Hurons, who, when sated with battle, retired from the field.

In the fantastic disguise of a medicine man the Pequot lover entered the Huron camp, keen eyes watching for his betrothed, subtle brain ready for escape.

They succeeded, as soon as darkness fell, in escaping from the camp. Their flight was discovered. They were pursued by the infuriated Hurons and escape seemed impossible until, reaching "Safe Harbor," they found a place of concealment. There they lay, securely hidden, until the battered Hurons returned to their camp. Then they made their way to their own country and were married.

In grateful memory of which fact the place was named Ap-kee-sink. We have it to this day: "Pokepsie," "safe harbor."

The Professor's Mystery

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crosby, a young college professor, fell in love with Margaret Tabor, a girl of family and fortune. After meeting her accidentally at a party, Crosby came to her home and found her father, Mr. Tabor, a wealthy man. Crosby and Margaret were engaged, but Crosby's father, who was a member of the faculty of the college, was opposed to the match. Crosby's father was a member of the faculty of the college, and Crosby's father was a member of the faculty of the college.

CHAPTER XXIII

(Continued.)

HE element of distorted love made it all the worse, a beauty turned sour. I thought of the dainty little lady that had danced with words so deftly; and only the need to understand once for all made me endure to listen.

"Ask something that no one but yourself can know," the professor put in. Perhaps even he felt some embarrassment.

Mrs. Tabor hesitated. "I wonder if I ought," she said, half to herself. "I do so want to know."

The voice grew steadier. "Ask me what you will—mother darling—I know already—what you fear."

"Miriam, did I understand what—what I saw the other day?"

I grew suddenly cold, and felt as if the floor were sinking under me.

"The other day?—Fit your mind upon it, mother dear—I see you now—I see you very much frightened—you thought a new trouble was coming—another trouble like the first—not for yourself—but—"

"Oh, it wasn't myself!" The dry terror of the tone was dreadfully like something I remembered. "It was for her, you know it was for her. That

looked as if—Does she love him, Miriam? Does she love him?"

That was more than I would bear. The whole unnatural dialogue had been so close enough; but this new sacrifice—the switch of the electric light was in the wall behind me, and before the spirit voice could speak again my fingers had found and pressed it.

The medium gave a tearing scream that was horrible to hear, twisted herself out of her chair and jerked and writhed on the floor, choking and gasping. In the sharp yellow glare the whole room was one hysterical confusion, men and women screaming to their feet, or sitting down, their hands before their eyes. The professor cried angrily:

"Confound it, man, you're crazy! You're crazy! You may have killed her. Don't you know the danger of it? It is to turn on light that way?"

He stooped over the struggling woman on the floor, with scolding, sidelong glances back at me. A couple of other men came forward threateningly, and a bearded woman, who seemed to be the hostess, cried loudly:

"Mercy on us, who is the fellow? One of those reporters?"

"Madame, I can promise you no publicity," said I, and I strode over to where Mrs. Tabor had sunk forward on the table, her head motionless upon her outstretched arms. Maclean came to my rescue just in time.

"One moment, ladies and gentlemen! Look there—the lady had fainted, you see? Fainted before the lights went on, you see? My friend did exactly right. Now let's keep this all as quiet as possible—we don't want a sensation in the papers." Then as he helped me raise Mrs. Tabor from her chair, he muttered:

"Darn you, Laurie, what in blazes was I doing not to see this? It was a perfect masterpiece. I'll tell you later. Have you got the car outside?"

"Yes, thank God. And Sheila's out there, too. Come."

"I'm perfectly well," Mrs. Tabor said

faintly. "Nothing to worry any one. Why are you all so nervous about me?"

"I'll go back now," said Maclean as we reached the front door. "I'll hush up this gang upstairs. There ain't goin' to be any disturbance about this. That crowd's more afraid of the leadin' dailies than they are of the devil, you see."

I nodded, and the door closed behind us. Mr. Tabor did not say a word as we led his wife across the sidewalk and into the palpitating car. He motioned for me to follow her.

"Not if you can spare me, sir," I said. "I'll be out early to-morrow. I think I've found a key to the whole trouble, and I've got to see about it."

He turned, frowning into my eyes under the white bristle of his brows.

"Crosby," he growled, "either we've a good deal to thank you for, or else—or else, you'd better not come to-morrow."

"Very sorry," he said, "but I can-

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Consultation.

IT was a situation in which I felt that I needed counsel, and that of an expert order: so I made my way as fast as a taxicab could carry me to the home of Dr. Immanuel Paulus.

Unless I was very much mistaken, I had something which would interest him.

A messenger boy was running down his steps as I climbed them, and in the hall stood Dr. Paulus himself, opening the yellow envelope of a telegram. He nodded without looking at me, and with some semblance of accuracy read the message. Then he thrust it into his pocket.

"Very sorry," he said, "but I can-

Fashion Notes From Paris

THE fact that two prominent Americans carried off two of the big prizes recently added a large American contingent to the fashionable crowds attending the races, and considering the assemblage from the point of wealth, it is not surprising that there was an unusual display of costly and handsome toilettes.

The most striking feature of the races from a fashion standpoint, was the predominance of brilliant tones in colors, for which England is again responsible.

Just as her sorrow of a year ago created the black and white effects, which have ever since held full sway, so now the approaching joyful festivities are inaugurating a veritable blaze of color. And as Paris is always to the fore in leading styles, so now in every assemblage of fashion the "coronation colors"—deep red, bright blue, Indian yellow, deep green and royal purple—are in strong evidence.

In costumes these brilliant shades are employed in combination, "just a touch" with the sombre navy blue, black or black and white, and for this purpose probably the most prominent shade is the "coronation red," which is a beautiful deep dark red, something between the American beauty and the jacinth.

At the races large numbers of navy blue suits with collars, cuffs and revers of this red were noticeable.

Many of the hats showed the new spreading brim, and it was quite a relief after the long run of black and black and white hats to see such a riot of colors. The milliners, evidently, are losing no time in working in the brilliant colors, and many striking effects were seen.

A noteworthy costume, which embraced a style features that seem significant was worn by one of Paris's smartly dressed women and attracted considerable attention. The skirt consisted of two flounces of black Chantilly lace, slightly gathered over a skirt of white satin. The bodice was very much like the old fashioned basque. It was of bright blue silk, handsomely embroidered. The elbow sleeves were quite close fitting.

It seemed an odd toilette, but there are reasons to believe that it is only an advance model of what we may expect in the near future.

not give any interview this evening. I am called out of town. Besides, I have not orderly arranged my ideas as yet. Come around on the Monday and I will have something for your paper."

"I'm not a reporter," I interrupted hastily, for already he had found his gloves and hat. "I want to see you about Mrs. Tabor."

"What is that—Mrs. Tabor? Carefully, carefully young man. Names are names. What have you with her to do?"

"By this time I had found a card. 'I'm a friend of the Tabor's,' I said, 'and their trouble is no secret from me. You've been looking for a continual irritating cause of Mrs. Tabor's hysteria. Well, I've just found one.'

"Alas," he shrilled, "how politically clever. But it will not do, young man. I have known these four American reporters."

"You say that again," I burst out. "You'll have me for a patient. Call the Tabor on the phone—any of them will tell you I'm in their confidence; and I can identify myself. We're both of us wasting time."

The sculptured face smiled at me for an instant, then relaxed with a piercing cackle of mirth. "Good," I waited time no more, then, but I believe you. See," he spread out the telegram. "It is to her I go. Now, if you come with me."

"Mrs. Tabor has just started home from New York in the motor," said I. "Our train leaves in half an hour. Are you ready?"

Doctor Paulus did not say another word until we were safely aboard the train and out of the tunnel. Then he turned suddenly upon me.

"Have I not seen you at a so-called spiritualistic seance?" he chirped.

"Yes," I said, "where we both heard a mysterious voice called familiarly by the name of Mrs. Tabor's elder daughter. What is more, I have just seen Mrs. Tabor herself at another seance, where she talked with this so-called spirit intimately. She has been doing so, unknown to her family, for a long time; and there is your irritating cause. That's why she has hallucinations of a physical nature."

Doctor Paulus received my revelation with somewhat humiliating calm. He showed not the least astonishment, nor did he answer for some minutes, but sat frowning in front of him, drumming with a large white hand upon the window-sill. When he spoke again, it was with a smile.

"Mr. Crosby, I find myself—yes—interested somewhat in you. First I see you at spiritualism; then before a house where a seance is being held; and next I pass you in the subway, and a few minutes thereafter I presently behold you riding a child's bicycle after my program to discover me. Now, also, I recall to have seen you in the country when I was with the young medical man who sends this impertinent telegram. Therefore, I say, since you are not a reporter, what have you with me to do?"

"I was both embarrassed and impatient. 'Am I right, then, about Mrs. Tabor?' I asked. 'Isn't there a chance of a permanent cure for her hysteria by moving her from this spiritualism business? If we can only—'

He held up his hand.

"Let us not lean to the conclusion that is what I tell always to the Doctor. He is a brilliant young man, but he leans too much to the conclusion. So probably he has said to you that Mrs. Tabor is a hysterical case. He may be so, or perhaps with continual irritation of the mind, only hysteria that may be aided by removal of the irritation. I am too old to be quickly sure. Now, I repeat to you that a medical man must save his mental or physical jumps for cases of extremity. He must not jump all the time; that is how you are neurotic in America. Removing suggestions and introspections palliate, or perhaps cure. And there may be also hallucinations and the fixed idea. Therefore, it is like shade of insanity. The daughter's death, we knew of that. And I have said that some continual suggestion was to be sought for, which might produce this illusion of her daughter's coming by presence, such as you have perhaps found. So we are ready to consider. Tell me now all that you know, carefully. Not your own deductions I want, but the facts alone."

When I had finished he sat still for a long time, frowning on his hand as it drummed lightly on the window ledge.

"Why do you conclude that she has for some time been attending spiritualism unknown to her family?" he asked abruptly at last.

(To Be Continued.)